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Mus
560
18.21

Yale Songs Illustrated



Ms. 560.18.21

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918

MUSIC LIBRARY





for the Duke & Duchess of
Cambridge
1897

“Egad ! she'd thrown me over
for the dude who didn't dance.”

PAGE 33.

o

Yale Songs Illustrated

FROM DRAWINGS BY
DONN BARBER—YALE, '93, S.



NEW HAVEN, CONN.

MDCCCXCIII

Titus 560, 18, 21

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THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918

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Press of J. J. Little & Co.
Astor Place, New York

To my associates: the members of
the Yale University Glee Club of '93! -
with whom these songs are so fondly
linked in my memory. - I affectionately
dedicate this volume -



Mus 560.18.21



THIS book is neither more nor less than it pretends to be : a collection of sketches gotten up at odd moments by an amateur. The majority of the illustrations were originally made by me for THE YALE RECORD, and have appeared in that paper, from time to time, during the past two years. A number of friends have suggested the idea of grouping them together, with the songs to which they refer, in the form of a book — which has been done.

The songs themselves are the copy-righted property of Mr. Thomas G. Shepard, the director of the Glee Club, who has generously accorded his permission for their use in this form. The work of the University Glee Club, and its songs, appeal strongly to the sentiment of every alumnus of Yale in whatever part of the world he may be, and it is upon that sentiment that this little volume depends for its recommendation.

D. B.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.,
June 15th, 1893.

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NEATH THE ELMS

WINDS of night around us sighing,
In the elm trees murmur low ;
Let no ruder sounds replying
Break our happy voices' flow

'Tis a jolly life we lead,
Care and trouble we defy ;
Let the short-lived hours speed,
Running smoothly, quickly by.
Till the darkness fades away,
And the morning light we hail,
We will sing with cheerful hearts,
Songs of home and dear old Yale.

Stars of night in silence yearning,
Pure and soft as maidens' eyes ;
Sweet the hour when your returning
Bids our merry songs arise,
Listen, faintly chiming
O'er the river's placid breast,
Evening bells are ringing,
Calling us to rest.

See, the full moon, rising, weaves
Robes of light o'er tower and hall ;
Thro' the slowly lifting leaves,
Silver lances flash and fall.
Louder yet the chorus raise,
Friendship lasts when youth must fail ;
Jolly, jolly are the days,
'Neath the elms of dear old Yale.

Made by J. Bachner

BARITONE SOLO.

1. *Ein - se - lein, still und lein, Ein - se - seuff im Starn -*
 1. *Manling alone, still and lein, Yell in cloud - ov, hand'and*

CHORUS.

Humming.

achlein: Ein - se - lein, still und lein, Ein - se - seuff im Starn - achlein:
deep. While each nest, safe at rest, Lads the ten - der charge to sleep.

Am.

Wirst du' auch was du verschnitten. Wirst du' auch was du verschnitten.
How the re - lig wren is read - ing The - of chads, its soft raps reading

Wenn du es dir steh - im Nest, Kommt ich adomer gut dir sein. Ein - se -
Then the chad - wing bud - its wending Down to dew - y earth take way! Ein - se -



SERENADE

MANTLING shade, hill and glade
Veils in shadow, hushed and deep ;
While each nest, safe at rest,
Lulls its tender charge to sleep !
Now the rising moon is rending
Fleecy clouds, its soft rays sending
Thro' the shim'ring leaflets, wending
Down to dewy earth their way,
Silver spray, blithe they play ;
I would fain that my strain
Might not, like them, fall in vain.

Lady fair, with golden hair
Wreathing temples pure as snow,
Slumber light, thro' the night,
While we guard thee here below !
May thy sweet rest be unbroken
Save by faithful lover's token
'Neath thy chamber window
spoken,
Mingling with thine airy
dream ;
Visions teem, dimly seen !
Love, good night ! slumbers light
Hover round thine eyes so bright !





BRIDGE.
1. Should fortune prove un-kind, Should fortune prove un-fair, A care I have in
2. Should the girl who swam your heart Prove faithless and un-true, And bid you to be

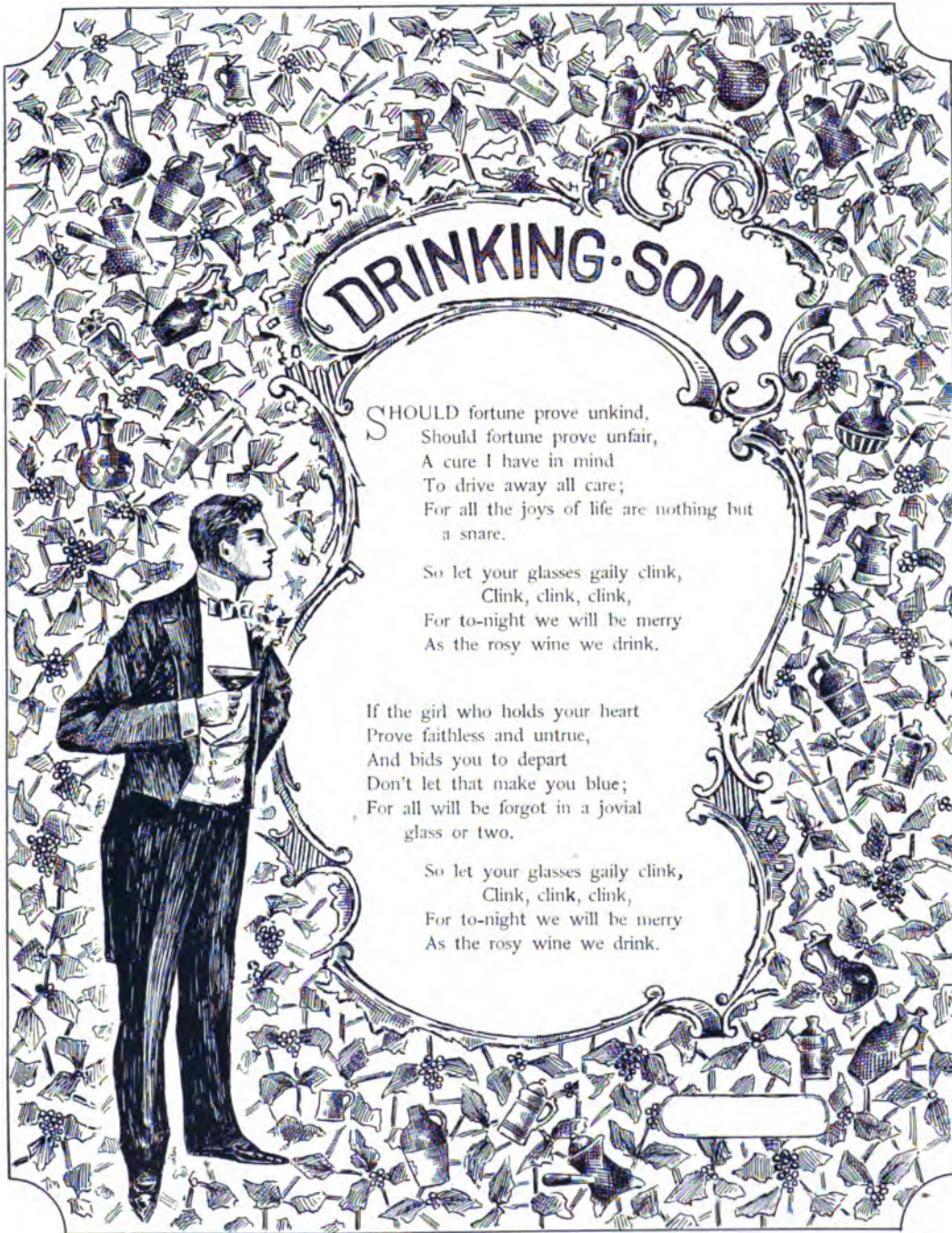
CHORUS.
mind. That will drive away all care, For all the joys of life are nothing but a snare.
spare, Don't let that make you blue, For all will be forgot In a jocular glass or two.

let your glass be full by clink, clink, clink, clink.

For to-night we will be mer-ry, For to-night we will be mer-ry.

For to-night we will be mer-ry, For to-night we will be mer-ry.

For to-night we will be mer-ry, For to-night we will be mer-ry.



DRINKING SONG

SHOULD fortune prove unkind,
Should fortune prove unfair,
A cure I have in mind
To drive away all care;
For all the joys of life are nothing but
a snare.

So let your glasses gaily clink,
Clink, clink, clink,
For to-night we will be merry
As the rosy wine we drink.

If the girl who holds your heart
Prove faithless and untrue,
And bids you to depart
Don't let that make you blue;
For all will be forgot in a jovial
glass or two.

So let your glasses gaily clink,
Clink, clink, clink,
For to-night we will be merry
As the rosy wine we drink.

The image features a musical score for a song, presented on a page with an ornate, decorative border. The border is composed of intricate scrollwork and floral patterns. At the top center of the border, a cherub is depicted holding a lyre. At the bottom center, two cherubs are shown sitting together, one playing a lute. The musical score itself is contained within a rectangular frame and consists of five systems of music. Each system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The lyrics are written below the vocal line of each system. The lyrics are: "I. The lovers meet - en, They meet a bright blue eye for eye, / The lovers meet - en, They meet a bright blue eye; / bright blue eye is mine, love! The glow is it is mine, love! / The lovers meet - en, They meet a bright blue eye for eye, / The lovers meet - en, They meet a bright blue eye." The music is written in a standard notation style with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

NUT BROWN MAIDEN



NUT-brown maiden,
Thou hast a bright blue eye for
love;

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a bright blue eye :
A bright blue eye is thine, love !
The glance in it is mine, love !

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a bright blue eye for love;
Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a bright blue eye.

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss;

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a ruby lip :
A ruby lip is thine, love !
The kissing of it's mine, love !

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a ruby lip to kiss;
Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a ruby lip.

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a slender waist to clasp;

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a slender waist :
A slender waist is thine, love !
The arm around it's mine, love !

Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a slender waist to clasp;
Nut-brown maiden,
Thou hast a slender waist.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-ly-er place in the
 dale, No spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the
 lit-tle brown church in the vale. Oh..... come, come, come, come,
 Come to the church in the wild-wood. Oh, come to the church in the vale; No
 spot is so dear to my child-hood, As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.



• CHURCH • IN •
• THE • WILDWOOD •

HERE'S a church in the valley by the wildwood,
No lovelier place in the dale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Oh, come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
Oh, come to the church in the vale;
No spot is so dear to my childhood,
As the little brown church in the vale.

Come to the church in the wildwood,
To the tree where wild flowers bloom;
Where the parting hymn shall be chanted,
We will rest by the side of the tomb.

Then come, come, come, come,
Come to the church in the wildwood,
For there's where my love used to be;
She could dance, she could sing, she could turn a handspring,
She could climb up a sycamore tree.

Here's to good old Yab, drink it down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yab, drink it

down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yab, there's no beer-ty and no hah, Drink it

Fine.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Hahn of OH - e - ad, OH - e - ad.

Hahn of OH - e - ad, OH - e - ad, Hahn of OH - e - ad, Wey down on the Stage farm. We

won't go there any more, we won't go there any more, we won't go there any more, Wey down on the

D.C.
Stage farm. Stage, Stage, Stage, Stage, Stage, Stage, Wey down on the Stage farm.



HERE'S to good old Yale
 Drink her down—Drink her down !
 Here's to good old Yale
 Drink her down—Drink her down !
 Here's to good old Yale,
 She's so hearty and so hale !
 Drink her down—Drink her down—Drink
 her down, down, down !

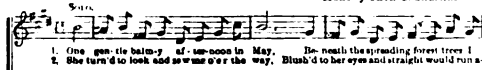
Balm of Gilead—Gilead !
 Balm of Gilead—Gilead !
 Balm of Gilead ! Way down on the Bingo farm.

We won't go there any more !
 We won't go there any more !
 We won't go there any more !
 Way down on the Bingo farm,
 Bingo ! Bingo !
 Bingo ! Bingo !
 Bingo ! Bingo ! Way down on the Bingo farm.

(Spoken) B—I—N—G—O ! My poor Harvard !
 B—I—N—G—O ! My poor Princeton !

Music by THOMAS G. SHEPARD.

Solo



1. One gen-tle balm-y af-ter-noon in May, Be-neath the sprad-dling forest trees I
2. She turn'd to look and so we o'er the way, Blush'd to her eyes and straight would run a-

Poco Movimento



way, He-fers me run a shad-y coun-try road, And over at
may, But I with words be-tamed her "Pre-ti-ty road, That song would



hand a mur-m'ring brook-let flow'd; When soon there came a form of per-fect
sound much sweeter than" I said, She came at last nor thought it wrong I'm



grace, Of mod-est mien with m-ry dim-pl'd face; In
sure, Her heart was far too in-no-cent and pure; I

THE YELLOW BIRD

ONE gentle, balmy afternoon in May,
Beneath the spreading forest
trees I lay;
Before me ran a shady country road,
And near at hand a murmuring brooklet
flowed ;
When soon there came a form of perfect
grace,
Of modest mien, with rosy, dimpled face.
In mute delight I dared not breathe a word,
But shrill above sang out the yellow bird.

She turned to look and saw me o'er the way,
Blushed to her eyes and straight would
run away ;
But I with words detained her : " Pretty
maid,
That song would sound much sweeter
here," I said.
She came at last, nor thought it wrong,
I'm sure—
Her heart was far too innocent and pure ;
I held her hand and neither of us
stirred,
While sweetest songs sang out
the yellow bird.



These Fi - day morn when we met sail, And we were not far from the land, When the
 my - tale told a lovely mermaid, With a comb and a glass in her hand.

CHORUS.
 Oh, let the sea waves may roll, And the stars - y winds may
 blow, While we poor mi - les go slipping to the tops, And the
 hand - ladders in down be - low, be - low, And the hand - ladders in down be - low.

The Mermaid



TWAS Friday morn when we set sail,
And we were not far from the land,
When the captain spied a lovely mermaid,
With a comb and glass in her hand.

CHORUS.

Oh, the ocean waves may roll,
And the stormy winds may blow,
While we poor sailors go skipping to the tops,
And the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
And the land lubbers lie down below.

Then up spake the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken man was he;
"I have married a wife in Salem town,
And to-night she a widow will be."—*CHO.*

Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
And a red hot cook was he;
"I care much more for my kettles and my pots,
Than I do for the depths of the sea."—*CHO.*

Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And three times around went she,
Then three times around went our gallant ship,
And she sank to the depths of the sea.—*CHO.*

The score is enclosed in a decorative frame with ornate scrollwork. At the top center, a cherub sits on a scroll. At the bottom center, two cherubs are depicted. The music is written on ten staves, alternating between treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

t. The stars bright - ly glis - ter - ing, Do - hold us ad - vance - ing, And
 kind - ly smile up - on us from on high; Our sum - mers a - wait - ing, With
 hearts loud - ly beat - ing, The Freshmen trembling on their couch - es lie.

CHORUS.
 Wake! wake! Fresh - men, wake! Wake while our song smites the sky, For
 now, ere we leave you, We heart - i - ly give you A
 wel - come in - to Del - ta De - ta Eta.

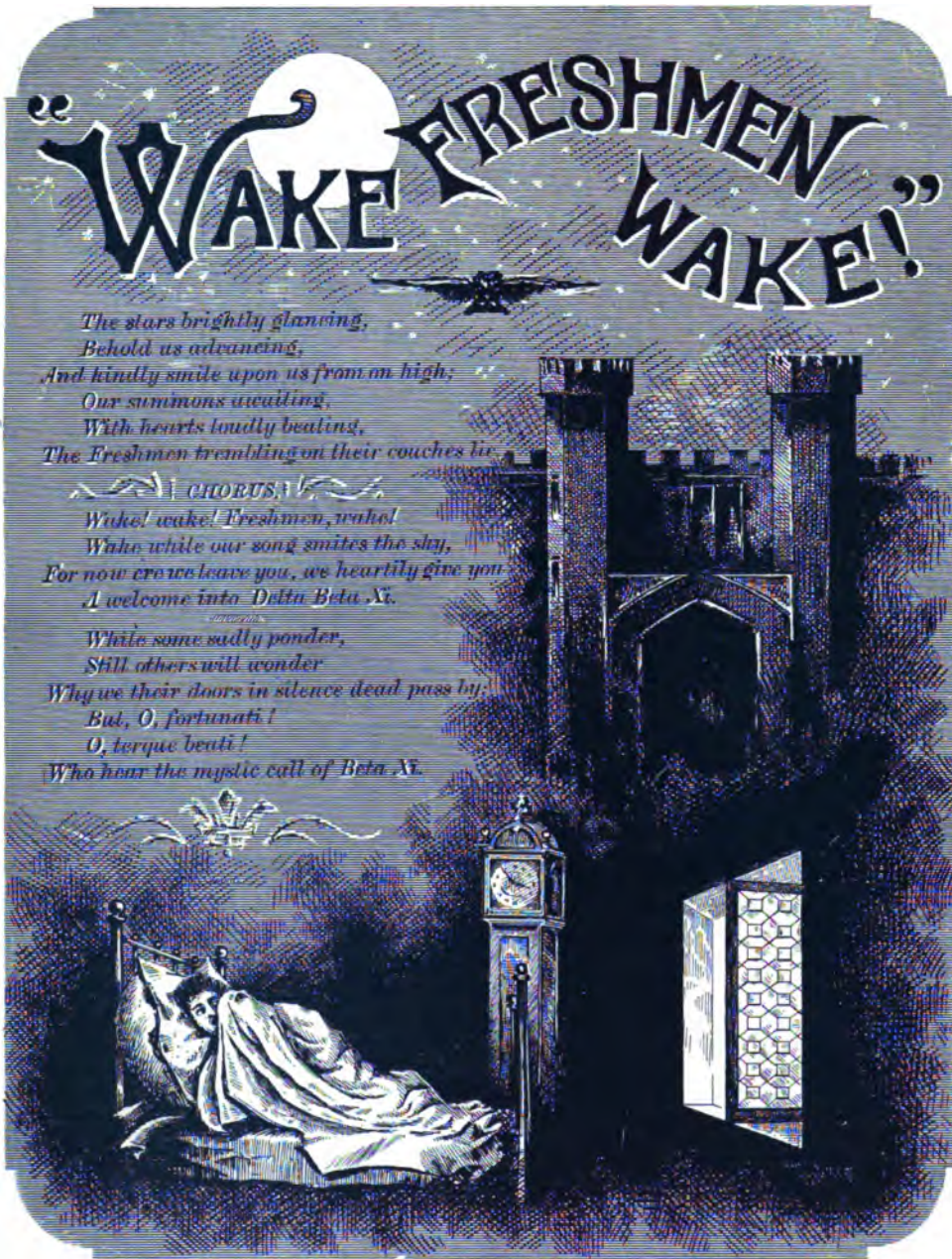
"WAKE FRESHMEN WAKE!"

The stars brightly glancing,
Behold us advancing,
And kindly smile upon us from on high;
Our summons awaiting,
With hearts loudly beating,
The Freshmen trembling on their couches lie.

CHORUS

Wake! wake! Freshmen, wake!
Who while our song smites the sky,
For now crow we leave you, we heartily give you
A welcome into Delta Beta Xi.

While some sadly ponder,
Still others will wonder
Why we their doors in silence dead pass by.
But, O, fortunati!
O, terque beati!
Who hear the mystic call of Beta Xi.





SOLO. **Music by DOWN BARBER, '115.**

Cu - si - ly placed in a big arm-chair, Where the sunlight gleams on her gold - en
CHORUS.

hair, With ten - der eyes and charm - ing grace, A

dais - y maid with an in - nocent face Is do - ing her best, with

all her arts, To win or lose, in the game of hearts.

A Game of Hearts

COZILY placed in a big arm-chair,
Where the sunlight gleams on her golden hair,
With tender eyes and charming grace,
A dainty maid with an innocent face
Is doing her best, with all her arts,
To win or lose in a game of hearts ;
And, of course, there's a man, for there must be two
parts,
As every one knows, to a game of hearts.

He's leaning over the back of her chair,
With his lips very close to her rippling
hair,
And, obeying her eyes' unspoken
command,
He boldly takes her slender hand ;
She's lost her hand, a heart she
steals ;
The queen takes the king, but
he doubtless feels
That he is the winner, yet
it's all the same,
For the loser wins in this
little game ;
Dan Cupid is minus two
more darts,
But that's always so in the game of
hearts.



The image shows a musical score for a piece, likely a hymn or religious song, enclosed in a highly decorative, symmetrical border. The border features intricate scrollwork, floral motifs, and a central medallion at the bottom. The music is arranged in three systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line.

System 1:

- SOLO.** (Vocal line)
- CHORUS.** (Piano accompaniment)
- SOLO.** (Vocal line)
- Lyrics: *Ave Maria Erat ut inno te Ysa. Poi de roi de roi roi roi. Ex-am-in-a-tions*

System 2:

- CHORUS.** (Piano accompaniment)
- Lyrics: *made un pais, Poi de roi de roi roi roi, E-II, E-II, E-II Ysa.*

System 3:

- Lyrics: *Poi de roi de roi roi roi, E-II, E-II, E-II Ysa, Poi de roi de roi roi roi.*



As Freshmen first we came to Yale,
Examinations made us pale.

As Sophomores we have a task,
'Tis best performed by torch and mask

In Junior year we take our ease:
We smoke our pipes and sing our glees.

In Senior year we play our parts
In making love and winning hearts.

And then into the world we come,
We've made good friends and studied some

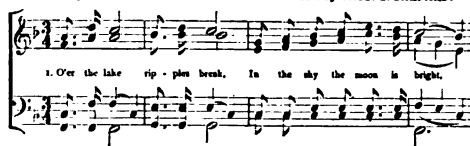
The saddest tale we have to tell,
Is when we bid old Yale farewell.

Eli-Eli-Eli Yale,
Fol de rol de rol rol.



Words by WM. L. KITCHEL, '92.

Music by THOS. G. SHEPARD.



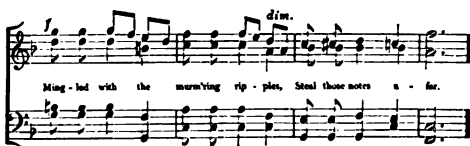
1. O'er the lake rip - ples break, In the sky the moon is bright,



Frail ca - noe, room for two, Float - ing soft - ly through the night;



O'er the wave comes sil - v'ry laugh - ter, Then the sound of a gui - tar,



Ming - led with the morn'ing rip - ples, Steal those notes a - far.



O'ER the lake ripples break,
In the sky the moon is bright;
Frail canoe, room for two,
Floating softly through the night.
O'er the wave comes silv'ry laughter,
Then the sound of a guitar,
Mingled with the murmur'ing ripples,
Steal those notes afar.

(Whistle.)

On they glide, o'er the tide,
While the laughter fainter grows,
Till at last they are past
And the shadows round them close;
Still the plashing of the paddle
Breaks the stillness from afar,
Through the moonlight steals the music
Of his light guitar.

BARRONS SOLO.



I. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ira - der - ly sweet and be - guil



- ing. While be - low her with ten - der grace, He watch - es the pic - ture

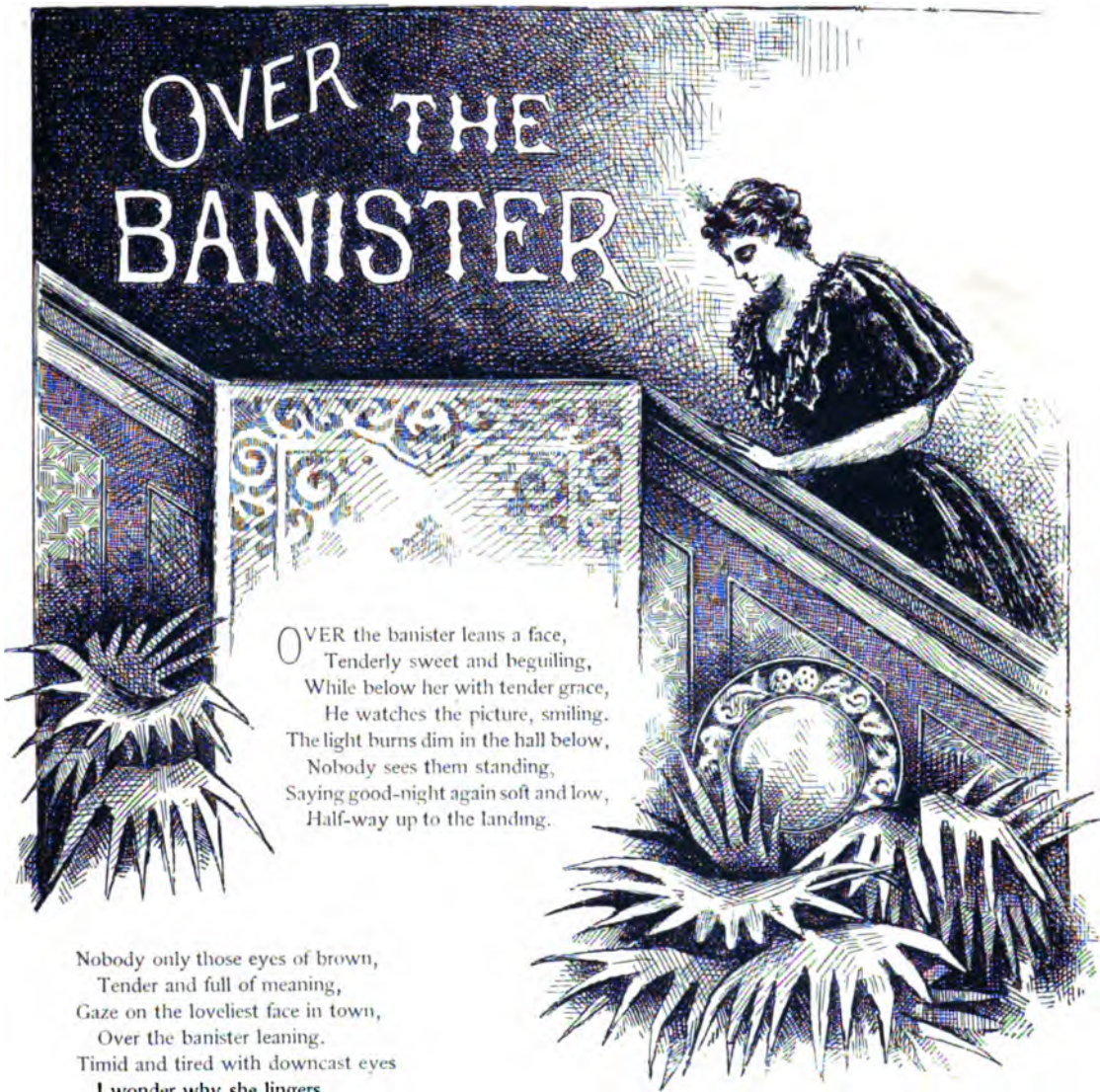


and ing, The light burns dim in the hall be - low,



No - bo - dy sees them stand - ing, Sly - ing good night a - gain

OVER THE BANISTER



OVER the banister leans a face,
Tenderly sweet and beguiling,
While below her with tender grace,
He watches the picture, smiling.
The light burns dim in the hall below,
Nobody sees them standing,
Saying good-night again soft and low,
Half-way up to the landing.

Nobody only those eyes of brown,
Tender and full of meaning,
Gaze on the loveliest face in town,
Over the banister leaning.
Timid and tired with downcast eyes
I wonder why she lingers,
After all the good-nights are said—
Somebody holds her fingers

Holds her fingers and draws her down,
Suddenly growing bolder,
Till her lovely hair lets its masses down
Like a mantle all over his shoulder.
There's a question asked, a swift caress,
She has fled like a bird from the stairway;
But over the banister comes a "yes"
That brightens the world for him alway.

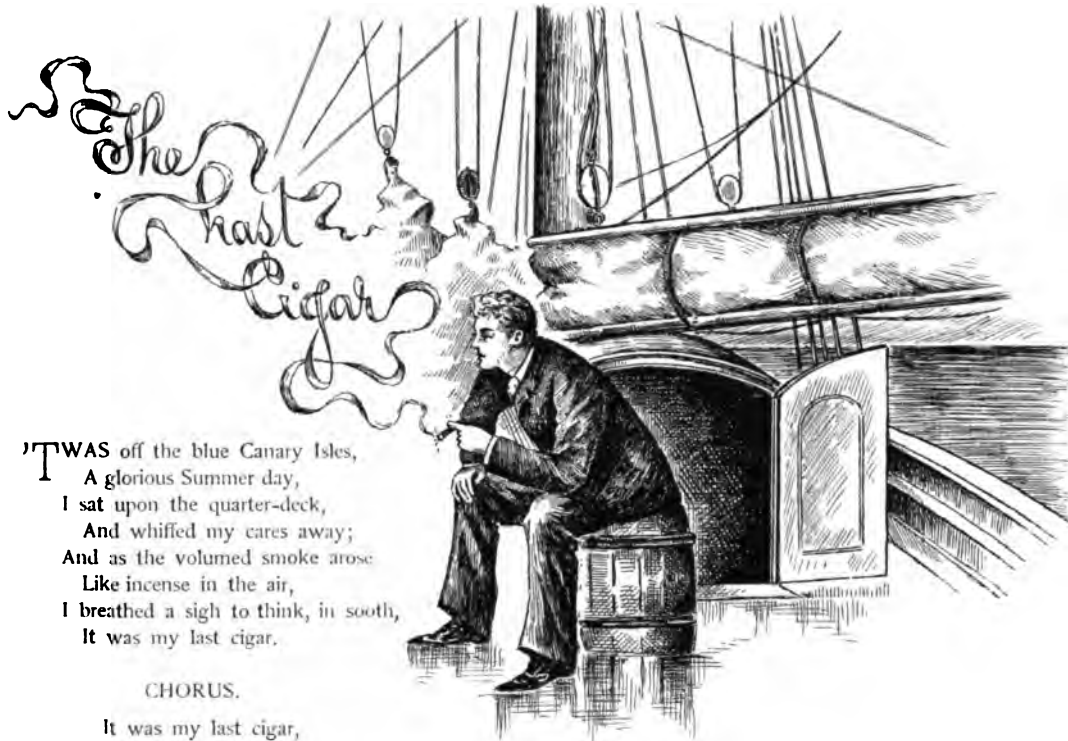
1. 'Twas off the blue Ch - e - ry Wine, A glo - rious man - ner did,.... I
 2. I loomed up - on the quar - ter rail, And looked down in the sea,.... I've
 got up - on the quar - ter deck, And whistled my own a - way,.... And as the vessel
 thro' the por - ple wreath of smoke Was sail - ing grace - ful - ly,.... Oh, what had I
 made a - vow, Like in - cense in the air,.... I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It
 such a time, To do with want - ing care,.... A - ha! the twinkling hour proclaimed it.

CHORUS.

was my hat of - gin,.... It was my hat of - gin,.... It was my hat of -
 was my hat of - gin,....

ritard.

gin,.... I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, It was my hat of - gin,....



TWAS off the blue Canary Isles,
 A glorious Summer day,
 I sat upon the quarter-deck,
 And whiffed my cares away;
 And as the volumed smoke arose
 Like incense in the air,
 I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth,
 It was my last cigar.

CHORUS.

It was my last cigar,
 It was my last cigar,
 I breathed a sigh to think in sooth,
 It was my last cigar.

I leaned upon the quarter rail,
 And looked down in the sea,
 E'en there the purple wreath of smoke
 Was curling gracefully;
 Oh, what had I at such a time,
 To do with wasting care!
 Alas! the trembling fear proclaimed
 It was my last cigar.—Cho.

I watched the ashes as it came
 Fast drawing to the end;
 I watched it as a friend would watch
 Beside a dying friend;
 But still the flame crept slowly on,
 It vanished into air,
 I threw it from me, spare the tale,
 It was my last cigar.—Cho.

I've seen the last of all I love
 Fade in the distance dim,
 I've watched above the blighted heart,
 Where once proud hope had been;
 But I've never known a sorrow
 That could with that compare,
 When off the blue Canary Isles,
 I smoked my last cigar.—Cho.

Words by Dr. SAMUEL MARSHALL POPE. Music by THOMAS G. BIRNBAUM.

She had the gaze of the sun - ny bright, To spark - le in her
 I met her down the shaded lane, No match the ap - ple

hair, No need had she of her - roved light, To make her hair - y rare, Or on her
 brow: The balmy blossoms fall like rain, Up - on my love and me, And what I

shin - ing locks her shin - ing locks of gold, Are she was wet with
 said, and when I said, and what I did, That more, I say, or

dew: And peeping from her in - some throat a lit - tle knot of blue,
 knew, But to my breast there came and had a lit - tle knot of blue

And peeping from her in some
 But to my breast there came and

A deli - cious knot of blue, A rib - bon bitche of blue, A lit - tle knot of
 A lit - tle knot of blue, A love knot strong and true, A lit - tle knot of

blue it fills my dreams with sun - ny gleams, That lit - tle knot of blue
 blue 'till hold my heart till life shall part, That lit - tle knot of blue

A LITTLE KNOT OF BLUE

SHE hath no gems of lustre bright
To sparkle in her hair;
No need hath she of borrowed light
To make her beauty rare;
Upon her shining locks of gold are daisies wet
with dew;
And peeping from her lissome throat a little knot
of blue.
And peeping from her lissome throat a little knot
of blue,

A dainty knot of blue,
A ribbon blithe of hue,
It fills my dreams with sunny gleams,
That little knot of blue.

I met her down the shadowed lane,
Beneath the apple-tree;
The balmy blossoms fell like rain
Upon my love and me,
And what I said and what I did that morn, I
never knew,
But to my breast there came and hid a little knot
of blue.
But to my breast there came and hid a little knot
of blue,

A little knot of blue,
A love-knot strong and true,
'Twill hold my heart till life shall part
That little knot of blue.



Words by ALFRED E. RAYMOND, JR.
Solo.



I took my charming Del-ly to the Sun-ter Prom-a- nade,
though I would be sin-ny and in-cep-a-ble her quite.

Instrumental accompaniment



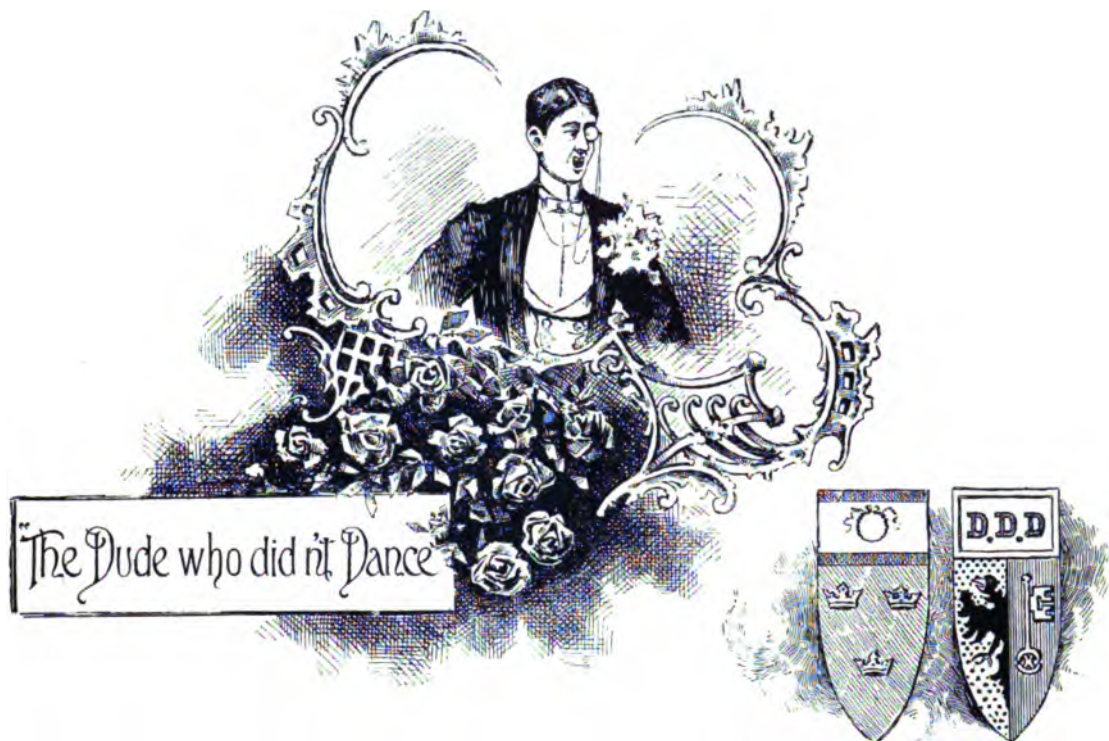
waited her 'round and treat-ed her to punch and low vin wine, I
didn't want a try out - or chap - to dance with her that night, so I



who - per-son-der words of love when -e'er I got a chance; But I'm
nought and found a man who could not e - ven wait or dance, Now I'm



cor-ry I in-tro-duced her to the Duke who did n't dance
cor-ry I in-tro-duced her to the Duke who did n't dance.



The Dude who did n't Dance

I TOOK my charming Dolly to the Senior Promenade,
 I waltzed her 'round and treated her to punch and
 lemonade,
 I whispered tender words of love when'er I got a
 chance ;
 But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who
 didn't dance.

I thought I would be foxy and monopolize her quite,
 I didn't want any other chap to dance with her that
 night,
 So I sought and found a man who could not even
 waltz or dance ;
 Now I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who
 didn't dance.

CHORUS.

I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her
 glance,
 But I'm sorry I introduced her to the Dude who
 didn't dance.

I shall never forget my Dolly, I shall never forget her
 glance,
 But I'm sorry I introduced her to the dude who
 didn't dance.

I waltzed with other partners then in old Alumni
 Hall,
 But Dolly's face and figure trim did far surpass them all,

I sauntered to the chapel steps, and as I did advance
 I saw her madly flirting with the Dude who didn't
 dance.—CHO.

I led her to a corner dim and on the glassy floor,
 I knelt and vowed my burning love until my throat
 was sore ;
 She only smiled a cruel smile and looked at me
 askance,
 Egad ! she'd thrown me over for the Dude who didn't
 dance.—CHO.

And now I mean to travel over every sea and land,
 A gatling gun upon my back, a bomb in either
 hand ;
 I mean to search in Ireland, in England and in
 France,
 For I'm bound to find and massacre that Dude who
 didn't dance.—CHO.

So when my mission 's over, and this Dude is laid to
 rest,
 The mourning that my Dolly wears will soothe my
 aching breast ;
 I'll help her to inter him and his tombstone I'll
 enhance
 With these carved words upon it, " Here's the Dude
 who didn't dance."



Words by THOMAS G. SWABMAN, '98. Music by THOS. G. SHEPARD.

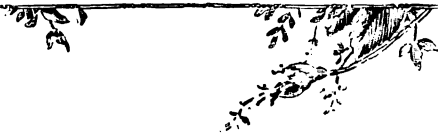
Solo.

I. The road was long the eve-ning clear, Of us there were but two; I

walked and talked with one most dear, I did and so would you; But

soon night threw a dark-er shade, O'er Heav-en's deep'n'g blue, I

drew more close-ly to the maid, I did, and so would you.



• WOULD'NT YOU.



THE road was long, the evening clear,
Of us there were but two;
I walked and talked with one most dear,
I did, and so would you.
But soon night threw a darker shade,
O'er Heaven's deep'ning blue,
I drew more closely to the maid,
I did, and so would you.

CHORUS—I did it gladly, so would you,
Because I knew she wished me to.

The moon arose so bright and calm,
And shed so soft a hue;
I bravely took her willing arm,
I did, and so would you.
While time with cruel, wanton haste,
On wings of envy flew,
I stole my arm around her waist,
I did, and so would you.—Cho.

Then tenderly I told my heart,
I promised I'd be true;
I said we two should never part,
I did, and so would you.
I kissed two lips all rosy red,
I knew she wished me to,
For "Put that back, you thief,"
she said,
I did, and so would you
Cho.

Down the road to Sallie's

Hasten on, my bonny steed ;
 Tho' the shades be falling,
 Well you know the road you speed,
 Nor is night appalling.
 Be it night or daylight bright,
 Ne'er the old mare dallies ;
 Well she knows the way she goes,
 And the road to Sallie's.

Down the road a lovely lass
 Waits the coming rider ;
 Counts the moments as they pass,
 Till I am beside her.
 Maiden fair with golden hair—
 Sunshine with it dallies—
 Waits for me, and her to see,
 I wind the road to Sallie's.

OVER all the lonely way,
 Darkness is descending ;
 In the West the fading day
 Swiftly now is ending.
 Fast and deep the shadows creep,
 O'er the hills and valleys ;
 Sun has set, nor moon as yet
 Lights the road to Sallie's.

She has eyes of tender blue,
 Sweeter saw I never,
 And her heart to me is true,
 And will be forever.
 Sally's eyes are like the skies,
 When the sunlight rallies ;
 How she'll smile when this last mile
 Ends the road to Sallie's !



1. The Pope he leads a joy - ly life, joy - ly life, He's

He drinks the best of
 free from ev - 'ry care and strife, care and strife, He drinks the best of Khen - ih
 He drinks the best of

Khen - ih wine,
 wine,..... I would the Pope's gay life were mine, He drinks the
 Khen - ih wine,

He drinks the best of Khen-ih wine,
 best of Khen-ih wine,..... I would the Pope's gay life were mine.
 He drinks the best of Khen-ih wine.



THE POPE



The Pope, he leads a jolly life ;
He's free from every care and strife ;
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—
I would the Pope's gay life were mine.

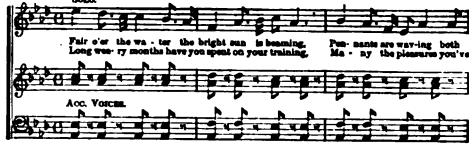
The Sultan better pleases me ;
His life is full of jollity,
His wives are many as he will—
I fain the Sultan's throne would fill.

But still he is a wretched man ;
He must obey the Alkoran ;
He dare not drink one drop of wine ;
I would not change his lot for mine.

So, when my sweetheart kisses me,
I'll think that I'd the Sultan be ;
And when my Rhenish wine I tope,
Oh, then I'll think that I'm the Pope.

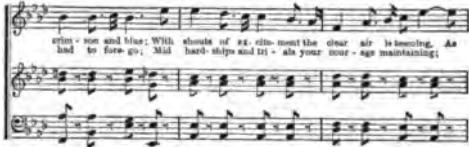
Words and Music by
SOLA

ALFRED E. HAYWARD, WR.

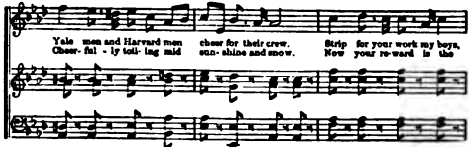


Fair o'er the wa - ter the bright sun is beaming, Fair - masts are waving both
Long eve - ry month have you spent on your training, Ma - ny the pleasure you've

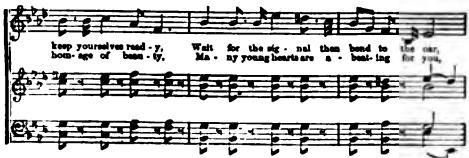
ACC. VOICES.



eyes - are and blue; With shouts of ex - cite ment the clear air is beaming, As
had to fore - go; Mid' hard - ships and tri - als your cour - age maintaining;



Yale men and Harvard men cheer for their crew, Ship for your work my boys,
Cheer - ful - ly toll - ing mid sun - shine and snow, How your reward is the



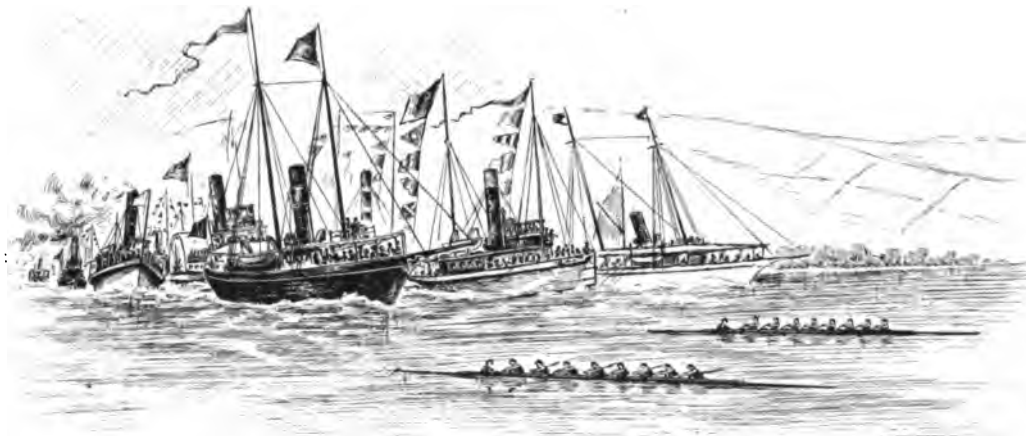
keep yourselves read - y, Wait for the sig - nal then head for the sea,
bore - set of breeze - ly, Ma - ny young hearts are a - wait - ing for you,



FAIR o'er the water the bright sun is beaming,
Pennants are waving, both crimson and blue;
With shouts of excitement the clear air is teeming,
As Yale men and Harvard men cheer for their crew.
Strip for your work, my boys, keep yourselves ready,
Wait for the signal, then bend to the oar;
Pull all together, boys, and keep rowing steady,
Till you have passed them and first reach the shore.

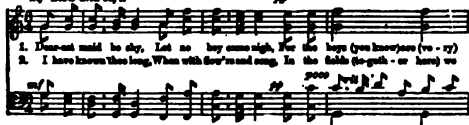
Then you pull, and I pull, and all pull together;
If you pull lightly, why, that will never do;
But if you pull, and I pull, in spite of wind and weather,
We'll show four miles of rudder, boys, to Harvard's fastest crew.

Long, weary months have you spent on your training;
Many the pleasures you've had to forego;
'Mid hardships and trials your courage maintaining,
Cheerfully toiling 'mid sunshine and snow.
Now your reward is the homage of beauty,
Many young hearts are a beating for you;
Pull with a will, boys, let each do his duty,
Down with the crimson and up with the blue.

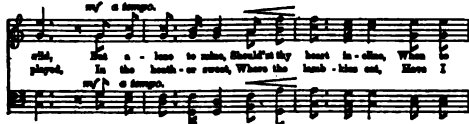


Translated by F. R. KRAMER.
of slow and soft.

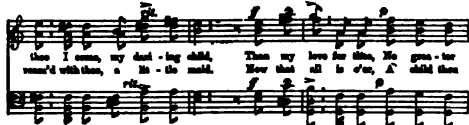
T. KRAMER



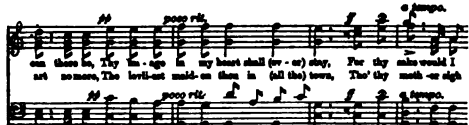
1. I have not said to thee, Let no boy come nigh, For the babe (yes know'st thou (vo - 17)
2. I have known thee long, When with thy hand sang, In the fields (to - geth - er hand) we



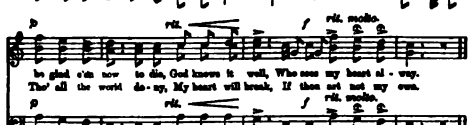
of a tempo.
with, Had a - lone to mine, Should'st thy heart in - cline, When I
played, In the bush - or grove, Where the lamb - like sat, Here I



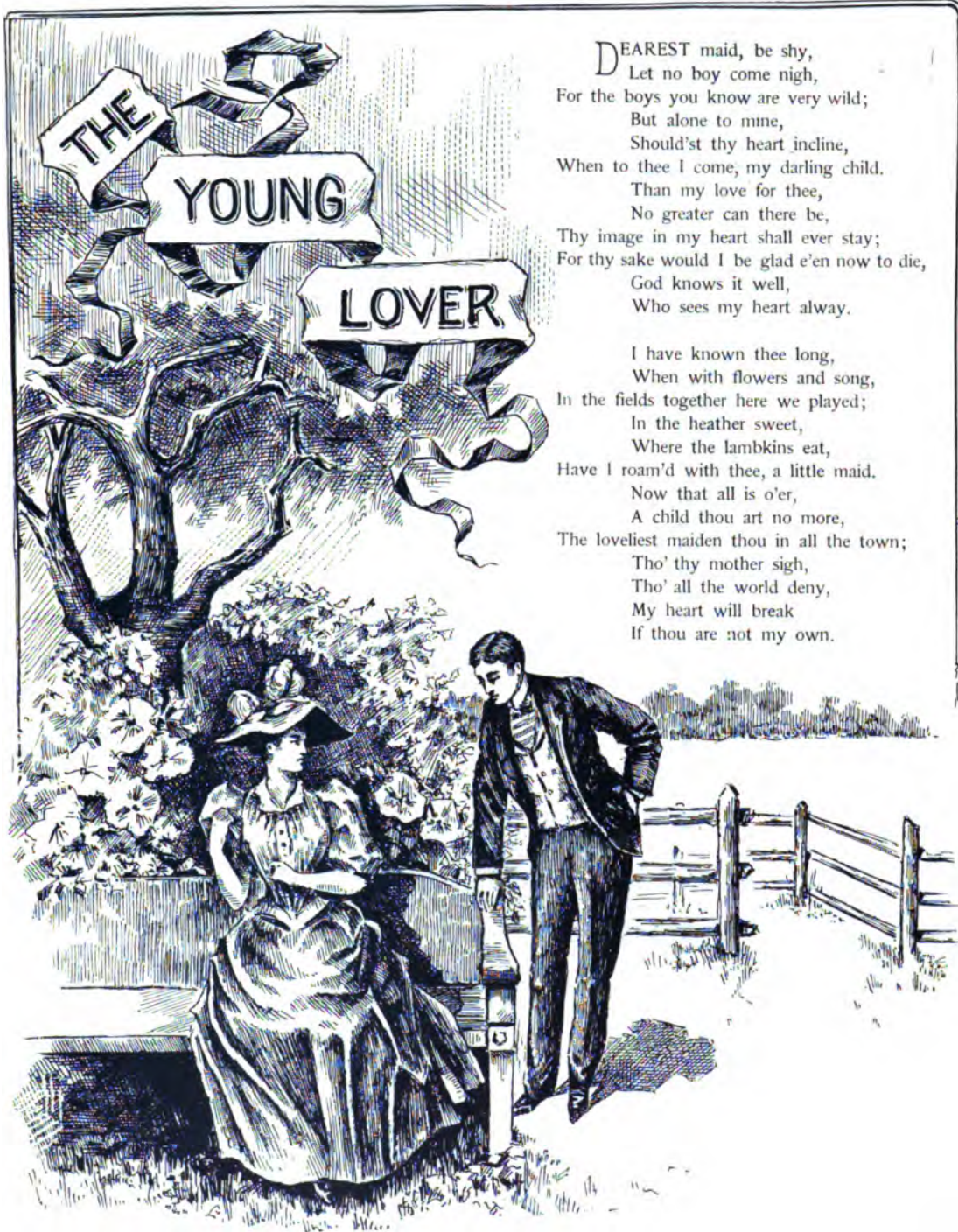
then I came, my dear - ly child, Then my love for thee, No gram - mar
would'st with thee, in - the maid, How that all is of us, A child thou



can these be, thy in - age in my heart shall (or - ar) say, For thy sake would I
not no more, The best - not said - on thee in (all the) trees, The thy mark - or sign



to glad it's now to die, God knows it well, Who sees my heart al - way.
The' all the world do - ay, My heart will break, If thou art not my own.



DEAREST maid, be shy,
Let no boy come nigh,
For the boys you know are very wild;
But alone to mine,
Should'st thy heart incline,
When to thee I come, my darling child.
Than my love for thee,
No greater can there be,
Thy image in my heart shall ever stay;
For thy sake would I be glad e'en now to die,
God knows it well,
Who sees my heart away.

I have known thee long,
When with flowers and song,
In the fields together here we played;
In the heather sweet,
Where the lambkins eat,
Have I roam'd with thee, a little maid.
Now that all is o'er,
A child thou art no more,
The loveliest maiden thou in all the town;
Tho' thy mother sigh,
Tho' all the world deny,
My heart will break
If thou are not my own.

Words by E. S. DENARD, Et. Music by CARL WILHELM.

Eight-ty-two years, with pleasure rife, The shortest glad-dest years of life; How
 worth-ly are ye glad-ly by, Oh, why dost thou so quickly fly, The
 sun - sets down, the sea - sets go, The earth is green, or white with snow, But time and
 change shall naught a - void, To break the friend - ships, formed at Yule.



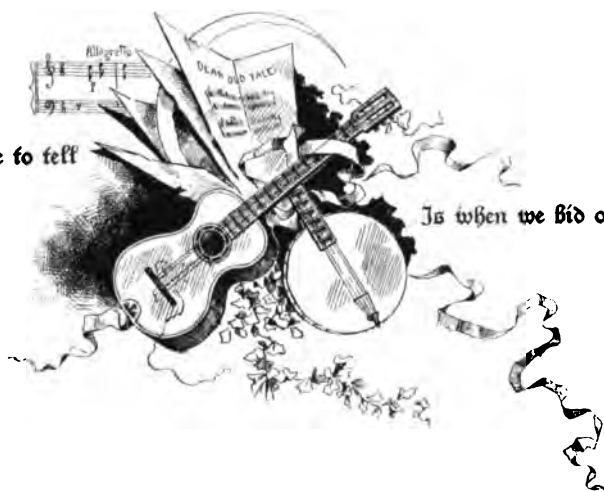
Dear Old Yale

BRIGHT college years, with pleasure rife,
 The shortest, gladdest years of life,
 How swiftly are ye gliding by!
 Oh, why doth time so quickly "fly"?
 The seasons come, the seasons go,
 The earth is green, or white with snow,
 But time and change shall nought avail
 To break the friendships formed at Yale.

We all must leave this college home,
 About the stormy world to roam;
 But though the mighty ocean's tide
 Should us from dear old Yale divide,
 As round the oak the ivy twines
 The clinging tendrils of its vines,
 So are our hearts close bound to Yale
 By ties of love that ne'er shall fail.

In after-life, should troubles rise
 To cloud the blue of sunny skies,
 How bright will seem, thro' memory's haze,
 The happy, golden, bygone days!
 Oh, let us strive that ever we
 May let these words our watch-cry be,
 Where'er upon life's sea we sail:
 "For God, for Country, and for Yale!"

The saddest tale we have to tell



Is when we bid old Vale—Farewell.

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